

FARMERS' MEETING.

Opening of the Three Societies in the Opera House.

The combined meetings of the Vermont Dairyman's association, the Vermont Butter and Cheese Makers and Vermont Maple Sugar Makers opened in the Opera House, Tuesday morning. Only a few were present at the opening meeting, but more came in through the day and the meetings promise to be of great interest.

The meeting opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. A. H. Heath after which greetings were presented by Arthur P. Stone on behalf of the Board of Trade, the Farmers' Mutual Creamery Company and the citizens of St. Johnsbury. W. W. Clark of Richmond very happily responded in which he spoke of the necessity of farm management, the value of the by-products and the great and noble calling of a farmer.

The president's address was delivered by C. E. Smith of Morrisville and was full of valuable suggestions. He said when the society came to St. Johnsbury in 1884 it was 30 below zero; when they came in 1887 it was 40 below zero and so this year they came prepared for cold weather. He spoke of the beneficial legislation of the last legislature; congratulated the board of agriculture on their continued usefulness; urged the dairy-men to study all side of all new theories so as to better compete with the western farmer, and in closing said the admission of our new possessions as territories would greatly injure the American farmer and increase his taxes.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION.

The attendance at the afternoon session was much better than in the morning and the time was devoted to papers on "Private Dairying," by G. C. Wright of Westminster, and "Suggestions how to Produce Gilt Edge Creamery Butter that Will Command the Highest Market Price," by John E. Gale of Guilford. News was received of the sickness of Dr. J. B. Lindsey of Amherst College and his address on "Cattle Foods" was postponed. Mr. Wright discussed the bearing that dairying has had on the farmers and said that it had done more for their benefit than any other branch of farming. His discussion was devoted to the benefits derived from home dairying against the creamery. He said that while the creamery had undoubtedly helped farmers there was a question whether it was better to continue in private dairying or join the co-operative system. In private dairying more depends upon the man than anything else. The margin is what a farmer has got to figure on and it must be kept on the right side. A private dairyman can produce more butter per pound than the creamery man. He can churn closer at home and there is always a market for good dairy butter. If a farmer has the right kind of butter he can get a cent more per pound than he can get on the co-operative system. The advantages of the creamery are for those who make poor butter, but those who make a first-class article are satisfied to stay in private dairying.

Mr. Gale spoke in favor of the creamery and devoted most of his time to information in regard to the care of stables, cattle, pens, separators, creameries and in fact everything connected with butter-making. To make gilt edge butter everything must be absolutely clean and this point was pressed home very forcibly. He dwelt upon the fact that a creamery should be in charge of a person, other than the butter-maker, who was interested in the business and who would purchase the best of everything. Competition from the West and South is so strong that only good butter can find a market, but nevertheless gilt edge butter is very scarce.

At the conclusion of these remarks a general discussion was held and the farmers expressed their ideas and advanced opinions for the benefit of each other. The majority present were home dairymen and therefore opposed to the co-operative system. The general opinion was that butter would be made better and cheaper at home. The most interesting questions discussed aside from the creamery subject were the addition of sugar to butter and the keeping of separators in stables. The general opinion prevailed that butter was better without adulteration and that separators could be kept in a well ventilated and well cared for stable.

A Brilliant Writer Dead.

Mrs. Isabel Mallon, best known by her nom-de-plume of "Bab" and "Ruth Ashmore," died at her home in New York, Dec. 27. On October 8 her mother, who was her inseparable companion, died after a lingering illness. Mrs. Mallon was married when young, and her husband dying soon after, left her dependent upon her own exertions. She began writing the "Bab" letters in 1888. These were soon widely copied and then she began to syndicate them to various papers all over the United States. In a short time they gave her a national reputation. In quite a different vein, however, were her writings for The Ladies' Home Journal under the name of "Ruth Ashmore," entitled "Side Talks With Girls." Just before she was stricken with her last illness she wrote the last lines of a book, not yet published, entitled "The Business Girl," depicting the difficulties which confront women workers of the higher class.

Death of Gen. Garcia's Daughter.

Miss Mercedes Garcia, daughter of the late Calixto Garcia, the Cuban leader, died at the Pineywoods Hotel, in Thomaston, Ga., Dec. 27, of consumption. Mrs. Garcia and her two daughters arrived there from General Garcia's death in Washington, and while at dinner received intelligence of his death. The contents of the telegram were never revealed to Mercedes, who was at that time fainting rapidly. The body is embalmed and will be taken to Cuba on the United States steamer Dolphin, which the United States has designated to convey the body of General Garcia back to his native country.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

bansishes at once all forms of throat diseases, and always affects a permanent cure. This wonderful remedy has cured thousands of sufferers from bronchitis, hoarseness and other bronchial troubles.

Grip and Sulphur.

President George T. Angell of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has a timely letter in the Boston Journal on the use of sulphur to prevent the grip. We give his letter in full:

I see by the daily papers that there are supposed to be something like 100,000 cases of grip in New York city, and that it is also prevailing largely in Washington, Philadelphia and other cities, and is now threatening Boston.

It is a fact that when it was prevailing as an epidemic largely in our city a few years ago I ascertained by inquiry of my officers at the Byam's Match Factory that of the 43 persons employed there not one had been troubled by it. I have at various times told the press how many persons at Memphis, Tenn., (including the agents of Howard Benevolent Association) escaped the terrible epidemic of yellow fever there (as they claimed) by wearing powdered sulphur in their shoes; also the evidence of a distinguished German medical writer translated into English, that wearing sulphur in this way has proved a complete protection against cholera and other epidemic diseases, also that those working the sulphur mines of Italy escape the malaria which prevails all about them, also that sulphur in the shoes has cured cases of rheumatism which the doctors could not cure, also that sulphur taken internally or worn in the shoes has sufficient power to pass through the body, the clothing and the pocket-book, blackening the silver there.

I find in the London Lancet that no less an authority than the president of the Institute of Civil Engineers of London declares that the sulphurous vapor produced by the combustion of coal in that city kills the disease germs in the atmosphere.

It seems to me a duty at this time to again suggest as widely as possible, through my own paper and others, that sulphur is very cheap, and that whether it destroys or keeps out germs of disease from the body or only acts upon the imagination it cannot do much harm to try it.

In the Scott County (Mississippi) Register of June 15 last will be found an account of how the agents of the Howard Benevolent Association at Memphis escaped yellow fever by wearing sulphur in their shoes.

Half a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur in each shoe or stocking is considered to be sufficient.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

The Oldest of Musical Instruments.

The drum is the oldest of musical instruments. Turning back the pages of history to the earliest records of savage nations, each race is found to have invented its instruments of percussion. The inverted bowls of the Sandwich Islands and the hollowed logs of the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands were prototypes of the drum. In many lands it was credited with divine origin. Not more than a hundred years ago it was adored with profound veneration in South America, being the only object of worship accepted by the natives stretching their habitations from the shores of the Orinoco to the La Plata. Even today the drum is treated as a god in the interior of Brazil.

Away north in the frozen regions of Lapland the drum adds to the charms of the native sorcerer. The instrument makes him all-powerful in the eyes of his superstitious followers. With its beats he sends the souls of his believers wandering through green fields and pastures new, while their fur-covered bodies traverse the snow and ice of their native territory. With the aid of the drum the Lapland sorcerer foretells the future happenings of his people and the success or failure of the hunting season.

In the land of the Esquimaux the drum expresses the passion of the natives, if there be any of that fiery quality left unconquered by perpetual ice and snow. The language of the American Indian, the drum is an instrument of affection, repeating with its monotonous beating the old, old story that Hiawatha told Minnehaha and that every Indian brave whispers into the ear of every willing Indian maiden.

Famous Clocks in the White House.

"The clocks in the White House," remarked an official clock winder to a "Star" reporter, "are by no means the most uninteresting things about the house, though but little has ever appeared about them in the newspapers. Strange as it may appear, but one of the old clocks there is of American manufacture, though all that have been purchased of late years are, The clock referred to was made in New York when James Monroe was president. It is one of the permanent fixtures in the Green Room and has been there ever since it was purchased. As a timepiece it compares favorably with any of the foreign-made clocks, though it was made at a time when America was not as famous for its timepieces as it is now. The most interesting clock here, of course, from its history, is the clock in the Blue Parlor, which was once the property of Napoleon Bonaparte, who presented it to General Lafayette, and the latter presented it to General Washington. The name of it is made of alabaster and French gilt bronze. It has to be wound but once in a month. It keeps time today as accurately as when first made."

What is known as the Lincoln clock, purchased when President Lincoln was in the White House, is an object of interest in the Red Room, and is of ebony and gold. It strikes the quarters, halves and hours. In Mrs. McKinley's room is a clock which has been running without the slightest interruption for nearly thirty years. The clock at the foot of the stairs leading up to the President's office is one that the public generally sees. It is rather modern in construction, of the "regulator" pattern, and is very reliable.

The clock in Private Secretary Porter's room is admired for its cathedral gong rather than anything else, but it is a good clock and has so proven itself for the ten or fifteen years it has been there. —[Washington Star.]

While there is life there is hope. I was afflicted with catarrh, could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it. —Marcus G. Shantz Railway, N. J.

The balm reached me safely and the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave decided relief. Respectfully, Mrs. Franklin Freeman, Dover, N. H.

A 10c. trial size or the 50c. size of Ely's Cream Balm mailed. Kept by druggists. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

Pertinent Press Comment.

Keep an eye on what the people want and you will observe that there is a demand for Hon. Henry C. Bates of Caledonia county for governor in 1900. —[Hardwick Gazette.]

That is a good piece of governor timber up there in Caledonia county; but the Gazette's programme would, if pushed along vigorously, bring about an interesting state of things and interfere with some other programmes. —[Montpelier Record.]

Congressman W. W. Grout had a tilt with Congressman Henderson of Iowa last week and to put it mildly downed the Iowa man. This, in view of the fact that Henderson has a national reputation as an orator and debater and that the Watchman not only stated last summer that Mr. Grout couldn't talk but insinuated that he couldn't think, makes the case somewhat remarkable. Perhaps the Watchman might have been wrong. —[Hardwick Gazette.]

The death of Senator Morrill calls to mind the number of superior senators Vermont has had in Congress. Samuel S. Phelps, the father of the present ex-Minister and Prof. Phelps, was a very strong man in statesmanship, and the first in a long line remembered by those yet living in the present generation. It was continued by Judge Collamer, who was much relied upon in the early republican band of that body, and it was well upheld by the late Senator Edmunds and by Mr. Morrill. The state also gave to the other house and to the diplomatic service of the country George P. Marsh, one of the finest scholars the nation has produced.

The contrast between the senators of Vermont and those of New Hampshire, which latter state more politicians than statesmen to Congress during this same period, has been often remarked. —[Boston Herald.]

Today Spain's flag, which has floated over Cuba since Velasquez took possession of it in 1511, goes down at the island's seat of government, never to be raised there again as the emblem of ownership and control.

In its place the Stars and Stripes will be flung to the breeze, the ensign of the country that has given Cuba freedom, and will now protect her until her political future can be determined as she may desire and as it should be. Today Morro Castle and the other Havana forts, the barracks, the custom house, the post office, the palace; in short, all the offices of government pass into our hands; American currency becomes the standard; the revenues, the taxes and the customs under our control and American troops occupy the island.

Spanish oppression has gone out of Cuba forever, and her sufferings from it for generations will gradually become only a painful memory. Much remains to be done before her wounds are healed and before prosperity can return; but brighter days are in prospect with the year 1899. —[New York Sun, Jan. 1.]

The Gazette seems to have touched a popular chord in the mention of the name of Hon. Henry C. Bates of Caledonia county for governor eighteen months hence. The Burlington News in approving the Gazette's article says many changes will take place in two years in which state this paper accords, but the change will be in continued favor of Henry C. Bates and as the people become fully awake to his excellent record in their behalf their demand for full and righteous recognition will carry this popular approval into a victorious campaign in 1900. —[Hardwick Gazette.]

A Life of Great Promise went on Thursday night when Senator George B. Hitt of Brattleboro died. He was a man of marked ability, a leader at the recent session of the legislature, and a promising aspirant for future and greater honors. —[Burlington News.]

Occupations for Little Fingers.

The time for teaching a little girl sewing by giving her dish-towels to hem and sheets to overhand is past. A better way has been found, and she learns happily, not grudgingly and with tears, the needle is no longer pushed with painful effort through tough crash and stiff sheeting, but slips easily through the bits of old linen and muslin that are destined to make something pretty to stock the little needlewoman's doll wardrobe or bed, or her own small table.

She is using her imagination as well as her fingers, and happy indeed she may be. Is there any comparison, in point of interest, between the furrowed and dusty little one for play dishes—a small oblong cut from the whole portion of a big glass towel and hemmed neatly?

A little girl will like to learn to darn linen if the worn dinner napkin she is set to work on is afterwards to be nicely washed and ironed, and become one of her own little tablecloths. And could hemming fail to be alluring when the whole parts of another old napkin are cut into squares for small fingers to make into doll napkins? From pieces of old handkerchiefs may be cut squares to be fringed for dollies, useful on doll tables and toy bureaus. In fitting up these bureaus with dainty knickknacks, a little girl will employ many a scrap of lace and ribbon, and will learn to be skillful with her needle. —[Harper's Bazar.]

Trading One's Name.

There is a difference between trading one's name and trading on one's name. The merchant who can buy on credit because he has a creditable reputation knows something of the value of a good name. He trades on it. But when that same merchant puts his name to a doubtful paper merely to save himself the trouble of refusing to do so, or when he recommends a man whom he ought not to recommend, just because he wants to be rid of him, he forgets the value of his good name. He is trading that name away for a paltry consideration. He is worse off than the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia, who have a recognized custom that permits a debtor to pawn his name for a year, during which time he is anonymous or under another name, for the creditor, a merchant or professional man who pawns his good name there is little hope of buying it back at any price. —[Sunday School Times.]

To Skeptical Asthmatics.

The truly marvelous cures of Asthma which have already been effected by Dr. Rudolph Schiffmann, certainly call for notice. His preparation (Schiffmann's Asthma Cure), not only gives instant relief in the most stubborn and obstinate cases, but positively cures, in proof of which hear what the Town Clerk at Cavalier, N. D., Mr. W. Serenus, says: "I was troubled with asthma for 20 years, about every year I started to use your Asthma Cure, and have not had an attack for six years."

Afternoon Toilette.

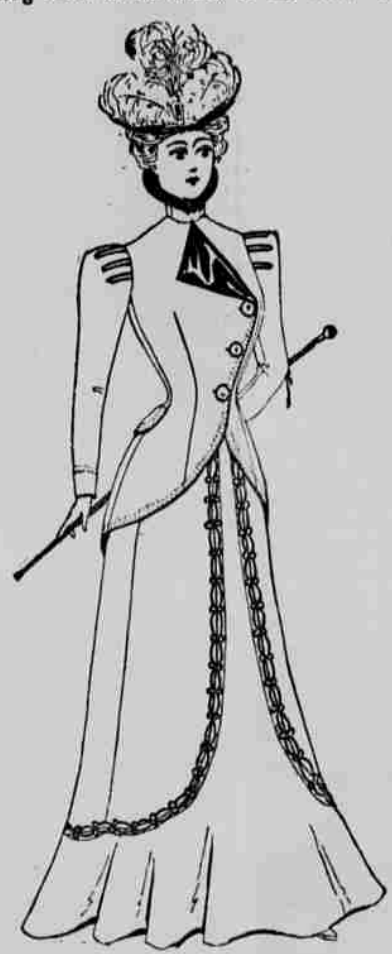
There is unlimited variety in the tablier skirt with circular flounce, the outline of the flounce presenting many variations. One of the most popular modes has a pointed tablier that is quite shallow at the back, the circular



flounce forming the lower part of the skirt deepening at the back to correspond. This mode is associated with a fancy blouse-waist in the toilet shown, both modes having been recently presented in *The Delineator*. The skirt is of drap d'été and the waist combines tucked silk and plain velvet most effectively. The fronts of the bodies are double-breasted and are shaped at the top to disclose a chemise of the tucked silk that is framed in the ends of a shawl collar, below which the fronts are turned back in tiny laps.

A Walking Toilette.

Outaway coats are new and most becoming and figure largely among the latest walking costumes. For the stylish design here illustrated we are indebted to a recent number of *The Delineator*. As shown here the costume is of castor-colored broadcloth, the skirt exhibiting a most effective decoration of brown passementerie. The coat is closely adjusted and rounds in front with quite a long effect at the center of the back. As



the neck is a high flaring collar edged with fur, which furnishes a soft frame for the face. The right front is reversed in a large lapel showing a dainty silk lining, and below the closing is made with buttons and button-holes in a slightly diagonal manner. In the skirt, which is decidedly unique, the front-edge is extended around the rest of the skirt in a circular flounce effect, the passementerie emphasizing its peculiar form.

A stylish hat of brown velvet profusely trimmed with large ostrich tips is a fitting accessory to this charming toilette.

Modes and Fabrics.

Hats are to be worn off the face, as predicted early in the season. In this particular line are shown the Louis XIV, and Louis XVI shapes, which are in vogue effect, and also the Pompadour. A promised favorite is a shape aptly termed the "angel-wing" hat. The brim flares and is especially cut to hold the new cherubine wing, a novelty which is certain to gain popularity. A knot of velvet, a bunch of flowers or an ornament of some kind is worn with the hat and is usually displayed at the base of the wings.

Very attractive is a jacket with a blouse front and buttoned-in vest and having a sailor collar which overlaps the revers on the fronts to give the effect of double revers. The vest may be omitted in favor of a shirt-waist, if preferred.

Diagonals are admirably adapted for street costumes and are shown in choice colorings, tan, gray and army and navy blues, the last two shades being now especially liked.

Mixed diagonals are also well liked for tailor suits. Venetian cloth is a fabric which will undoubtedly be much used this season. Its silky smooth finish makes it especially attractive, and in very many instances it will be selected in preference to broadcloth for a merchant or professional man who pawns his good name there is little hope of buying it back at any price. —[Sunday School Times.]

A wool bengaline is made charmingly effective by the iridescent polka-dots completely covering the surface, which is usually of some contrasting color. —[From *The Delineator*.]

Gen. J. J. Estey, Gens. Gilmore and Peck and Col. Clark held a conference with Gov. Smith at St. Albans Friday to consider the matter of reorganizing the National Guard of Vermont. The situation was talked over and it was decided to be inexpedient to do anything just now but allow matters to remain in statu quo for the present to see if Congress will do something. Should Congress make no suggestion the guard will be put back on the same basis as before the war.

The Danger of too much Convention.

It is real and subtle. The boy, to be sure, looked forward from January until November to Thanksgiving dinner. There was such a bustle in the kitchen for a fortnight before hand! There was such a loading of tables on the day itself, until the rapture of choosing was only marred by the fact that the boy could not choose it all. And then there was such a painful time afterward trying to adjust the Thanksgiving appetite to the old conditions, —but this is all in another story and the feast and the boy are both insulated if it is dwelt upon.

Now we believe in Thanksgiving, and we believe in Conventions, but at the expense of annoying the boy, we do venture to protest that there may be too much of some good things. The convention idea has sprung up and grown like Jonah's gourd. And whether the morning shall witness the quick decay of the night's growth or not depends very much upon how the idea is controlled by the young people themselves. Hence a word on the point may be timely.

How elaborate the Convention idea has become as it has grown! There is the Town Convention, the District Convention, the State Convention, the National Convention, the International Convention, and we wait for the speedy organization of the Inter-telephonic Planetary Assembly of Federated Conventions.

Now notice the effect of this on the work of even the unheralded pastor of a country parish. Yearly his own denomination meets in a state assembly and the great missionary societies also, gather. Both these are sources of inspiration to him, according to the Convention idea.

Annually his young people gather in state convention, quarterly, in district meetings. The Sunday School assemblies each year in state Convention, semi-annually, in county gatherings, and perhaps quarterly in a local union. Besides, his church is in a district which meets once or twice in each year, and he is a member of a ministerial association which gathers quarterly. And, to lay the heavy hand where only the finger pressed before, every few days brings him a call, to address a Convention of fellow-sufferers,—expenses paid, but the effort, to be counted a labor of love, for the good of the cause.

But how about the members of the parish, particularly the young people? Granted that conventions are attractive to young people, that they are givers of short-lived enthusiasm, and that it is nicer to take notes on theories for work that are made appealing by ready convention speakers than it is to go home and work hard in the humdrum range of your committee,—remembering all this, the query will obtrude itself. Is there not a subtle danger in all this that the appetite will be lost for homelier fare and the feeling be somewhat created that life is all one Thanksgiving dinner? Choruses, banners, orators,—are they not turkey and mince pie, enjoyable, but not the permanent diet for the boy?

This is not a fancy sketch. We have only a certain amount of working force, and when it is all put into the convention, as it is so often, we are quite guilty of a wicked waste of power. And then the wrong emphasis often results. I have watched the young people repeatedly transfer their emphasis from earnest, faithful work at home, to the desire for a "rattling good" convention in another place. And the end has too often shown that rattle was the only definite issue of the affair. Convention energy is so likely to appear in the crowded meeting and disappear at the homecoming. The small boat with its six-foot whistle blows all its steam through its whistle and then stops. These are the hard facts of experience with too much of the convention idea.

Note that emphasis. We believe in Thanksgiving, but the earnest year gathers into itself something a thousand-fold more imperative than the family feast. We must lay the emphasis right. Consecration to faithful work for Jesus Christ at home is the all-important thing. Once or twice a year it is a good thing to feast at the family table, but during the remainder of the time we are to redeem the days by devoted toil among our own people. The same injunction to be temperate in all things applies with peculiar force to the convention idea. —[R. V. Dr. O. S. Davis, Springfield, in Vermont Missionary.]

Hood's pills cure liver ills, biliousness, indigestion, headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

THE STUDY OF WOMAN.

"O," said I, with pensive positiveness, to my friend Bascom; "no, sir, I shall not accompany you into the haunts of the unmarried woman."

"But, my dear Marston," argued Bascom, "you ought to go. Of course, you are a bachelor of 50—"

"Touch lightly on that point, please," said I.

"Society might make a fad of you as a novelty."

"And again, my dear Bascom, it might."

"However, whether it does or not, I want you to get out of the rut of bachelorhood and go with me."

"You are very kind."

"For a variety, old man. Will you go?"

"As I said in the beginning, I now repeat: 'No, sir.'"

Bascom had been married for several years, and I had his frequent assurance that his entire married life was nothing more or less than a path of silver sunshine, through a golden garden of roses. It was a charming metaphor, but it fell upon unappreciative ears, for I knew that Bascom had written poetry in his youth, and, in addition to that, he was married, and I knew what all married men had to say to bachelors of matrimony, as they had found it. It was simply sugar spread upon an uncertain condition in order to catch such unwary flies as might be attracted thereby.

"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I am sure I can stand it if you can, but, say, will you join me over Sunday at my own house? I've told my wife about you and she is so anxious to see you that she commissioned me to invite you out for Sunday."

Bachelor or no bachelor, I could not afford to be a boor, and to slight such an invitation as this was inexcusable. So I began to hedge a bit.

"My dear Bascom," I said, apologetically, "why didn't you tell me you wanted me to go to your own house?"

"Well, it hadn't just occurred to me, I guess," and he laughed.

"Of course," I went on, "it is quite a different thing to go there than to go—"

"Then you'll go?" he interrupted, with such an interest that I became suspicious.

"Are there to be any of the gay and giddy throng about?" I asked.

"Summer girls and such?" he replied.

"Mostly."

"Then I'll be frank with you and say there is not one on the place."

"Under these circumstances, then, I'll go."

"Good for you, old man!" he exclaimed, clapping me on the back. "I'll go and telegraph my wife that you will come up with me Saturday evening."

Then he went out of my office to send his dispatch.

It was about four o'clock Saturday afternoon when he reached his home in the country, three hours earlier than his usual time of arrival, as he had taken me out at that hour so we might have a little loafing spell before dinner, and as the day was unusually fine in the country and as it had not been pleasant in the heated town I was glad enough that he had been so thoughtful.

It was delightful under the big trees of his dooryard—he objected to call-



"THAT'S IT. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MRS. HILMAN?"

ing it a lawn—and when he brought out a couple of great, juicy mint juleps and we sat there browsing upon them I don't think I ever felt more at peace with the world than I did at that very moment.

Later Mrs. Bascom, a dainty little woman, with three as pretty children as children can be pretty to a bachelor of my proclivities, joined us, and with her came her sister, Mrs. Hilman, a matronly woman of 35, to whom I was formally presented.

I confess to an admiration of Mrs. Hilman as soon as I saw her; not that Mrs. Bascom wasn't admirable, but that her sister was older and more substantial to my mind. In fact, Mrs. Hilman was of that pleasing rotundity of person which seems to appeal to an unromantic man of 50, while Mrs. Bascom was rather spirituelle and reminded one more of angels than of good housekeepers. In addition to her other attractions, Mrs. Hilman was of the laughing, jolly kind of women, who seem to carry a surplus of sunshine with them for general distribution, and I always had a kind of sneaking fondness for that kind of a woman.

I went to bed early, as is the custom in the country, and though I was in good sleeping trim and my conscience was in perfect order, somehow I lay awake thinking what a lonesome sort of life a bachelor's life was and how much cozier and pleasanter a woman could make a man's life, even if she hadn't more than half the chance.

Caledonia Fair Ground Co.

The annual meeting of the Caledonia Fair Ground Co. will be held in the Board of Trade rooms on Thursday Jan. 19, at 1:30 p. m., to hear the annual report of the secretary and treasurer, to elect a board of directors, to adopt a new set of by-laws, elect an executive committee, and transact any other business that may legally be done at said meeting.

FRED S. HARRIMAN, Secretary.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Jan. 4, 1899.

For the British Museum.

The British Museum at London is anxious to make a collection of the ephemeral literature of the Spanish-American war—such as patriotic pamphlets, broadsides, proclamations, recruiting posters, flag envelopes, etc. Any having such and desiring to donate them to the greatest museum in the world may send or bring them to the Caledonian office and they will be promptly forwarded to the secretary of the British Museum.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the incorporators of the Passumpsic Savings Bank will be held at the rooms of the bank, Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1899, at 2 o'clock P. M.

W. S. BOYNTON, Secretary.

December 20, 1898.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

The thirty-fifth annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of St. Johnsbury, Vt., for the election of directors, and the action of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their banking rooms in St. Johnsbury on Tuesday, the 14th day of January, 1899, at two o'clock P. M.

HOMER B. SMITH, Cashier.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Dec. 7, 1898.

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